

CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

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nation is sunk to such a state of misery its hopes can only be directed towards the future; it is natural they should be so directed, even with reflection." Most of the individuals present concurred in my opinion, and the decision of the meeting was unanimous. Marshal Marmont has since said to me, " I have been blamed, my dear Bourrienne : but you were with me on the 30th of March. You were a witness to the wishes expressed by a portion of the principal inhabitants of Paris. I acted as I was urged to do only because I considered the meeting to be composed of men entirely disinterested, and who had nothing to expect from the return of the Bourbons."

Such is a correct statement of the facts which some persons have perverted with the view of enhancing Napoleon's glory. With respect to those versions which differ from mine I have only one comment to offer, which is, that I saw and heard what I describe.

The day after the capitulation of Paris Marmont went in the evening to see the Emperor at Fontainebleau. He supped with him. Napoleon praised his defence of Paris. After supper the Marshal rejoined his corps at Essonne, and six hours after the Emperor arrived there to visit the lines. On leaving Paris Marmont had left Colonels Fabvier and Denys to direct the execution of the capitulation. These officers joined the Emperor and the Marshal as they were proceeding up the banks of the river at Essonne. They did not disguise the effect which the entrance of the Allies had produced in Paris. At this intelligence the Emperor was deeply mortified, and he returned immediately to Fontainebleau, leaving the Marshal at Essonne.

At daybreak on the 31st of March Paris presented a novel and curious spectacle. No sooner had the French troops evacuated the capital than the principal streets resounded with cries of " Down with Bonaparte ! " — " No conscription ! " — " No consolidated duties (*droits reunis*) ! " With these cries were mingled that of " The Bourbons forever ! "¹ but this latter

¹ One of these scenes was formed by a practical joke played successfully by Talleyrand on the Abbe de Pradt, then Archbishop of Malines. He got the clever but tricky and flighty Archbishop to go in full dress into the streets,

waving a white handkerchief and shouting "Vive le Roi,"
assuring